# Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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**By Samuel Chase Atkinson,**

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### LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

"Love never sleeps"—The mother's eye
Blends all her being with infant's love;
And as she marks the moments fly,
While sleep creeps with silent wand,
Faint and distressed, she sees and weeps,
With breath heard: "*Love never sleeps!*"

Yet, 'en that sad and fragile form
Forgets the tumult of her breast;
Deeper the horrors of the storm,
(Overburden'd nature seeks to rest)
But o'er them both another force
Has undisputed watch—"*Love never sleeps!*"

Around—above—the angel bands
Accept for the care-worn sons of men;
With praying spirits, and wings and hands
They raise the soul to hope again;
Free as the air, their pinions sweep
The storms of time: "*Love never sleeps!*"

And round—beneath—and over all,
O'er man in weakness and sorrow's need,
A higher bended The mightiest call
Is answer'd, and relief is given;
In hours of woe, when a crave stoops
The heart in pain, with a "*Love never sleeps!*"

Glad God of Love! our eyes to thee,
Tired of the world's false radiance, turn!
And as we view thy purity
We bend our best to attain us bring
Convinced, that in the lowest deep
Of human ill—"*Love never sleeps!*"

## LAURA LOVEL.

A SKETCH—FOR LADIES ONLY.

*[Continued from our last paper.]*

Laura Lovel already began to find her visit to the Brantleys by no means unpleasant, as had anticipated. They had nothing in common with herself; their conversation was neither edifying nor entertaining. They had few books, except the annuals; and though she passed the Circulating Library with a longing eye, she did not consider that she was sufficiently in funds to avail herself of their contents. No opportunities were afforded of seeing any of the beaux of the city, and of those that casually fell in her way, she found her companions generally more ignorant than herself. They did not conceive that a stranger could be amused or interested with things that, from long custom, had grown in their own reach, had failed to awaken in them the slightest curiosity. Mrs. Brantley was infinitely the best of the family; but he was immersed in business all day, and in the newspapers all the evening. Mrs. Brantley was dwelling, and Augusta's petulance and heartlessness, and Miss Pynsent's unpleasing manner, (which some of last increased after she lent the money to Laura,) were equally annoying. The visiters of the family were exactly of the same stamp as themselves.

Laura, however, had looked forward with much anticipated pleasure to the long-talked of visit to the sea-shore, and in the mean time her chief employment was derived from the preparations that were occasionally taken in Mr. Brantley's carriage, and which gave our heroine an opportunity of viewing the delightful scenery in the environs of Boston.

Miss Pynsent's fits of kindness were always very transient, and Laura's deep mortification at having been necessitated to accept a favour from such a source, was rendered still more poignant by unavoidably overhearing (as she was dressing at a dressing-table which stood in the two open windows,) the following dialogue; the speakers being two of Mrs. Brantley's several girls, that were investing in the same room with her who in talking to each other of the young ladies, always dropped the title of Miss:

"Come up stairs, Sue," she 'ent you arter supper, that she would ring for you arter a while, for some sewing that is wanting, and I'll go with you."

"Yes," replied Matilda—"I hear it as plain as you do, Eliza, and I'm determined, to-night, that I'm quite beat out with running up stairs from morning till night to wait on that there Philadelphy woman; and she takes such high airs. We'll be out she indeed! Any how, I'm not a going to hurry. I shall just set as it did'nt hear no bell at all—and as to this here Laura, I guess she ain't much. Augusta told me this morning, when she got up to fix her hair, that Miss Pynsent told her that Laura axed and begged her almost on her bare knees, to lend her some money to pay for her frocks and things."

"Why, how could she act so!" exclaimed Eliza.

"Because," resumed Matilda, "her people sent her here without a copper in her pocket. So I guess she'll be a long time ready yet, afore she's all."

"I was judging as much," said Eliza, "by her not taking no airs, and always acting so polite to every body."

"Well now," observed Matilda, "Mr. Scourbrass, the gentleman as lives with old Madam Montgomery, at the big house, in Bowdin Square, and helps to do her work, always says that one of very great people of the rale sort, act much better and ain't so apt to take airs as them that are upstarts."

"Doctors differ," sagely remarked Eliza. "However, as you say, I don't believe this here Laura is much; and I'm thinking how she'll get along at Nahant. Miss Litherton, the lady as washes her clothes, told me, among other things, that Laura's pocket handkerchiefs are all quite plain—but of good linen, and very neatly done. Now our Augusta would scorn to carry a plain handkerchief, and so would her mother."

"I've taken notice of Laura's handkerchiefs myself," said Matilda, "and I don't see why we young ladies that's used to have our things done for, to oblige them, should be expected to run at the beck and call of any strangers they may choose to take into the house; and don't know what they're no great things."

Laura turned from the open window, that she might hear no more of a conversation so painful to her. She would at once have written to her father (today was Saturday,) and sent a note, to send her money enough to repay Miss Pynsent, but she had found by a letter received the day before, that he had met with some losses and business to the interior of Maine, and would not be home in less than a fortnight.

Next day was the one finally appointed for their removal to Nahant, and our heroine felt her spirits revive at the idea of the sea-shore, for the first time in her life, "the sea, the sea, the open sea." They went in Mr. Brantley's carriage, and Laura understood that she *might* ride in her black silk dress, and her straw bonnet.

The road from Boston to Chelsea ferry, rode through Chelsea, and soon arrived at the flourishing town of Lynn, where every man was making shoes, and every house was shoeless. The last sunbeams were glowing in the west, when they reached the Long Beach, a bar that connects the rocks of Lynn with those of Nahant, the sand being so firm and smooth, that their wheels left not a trace of their course behind them.

The tide was so high that they were obliged to drive in the water, and the horses were kept splashing through the water, and trampling on the shells and sea-weed left by the receding waves. Cattle and sheep were grazing and feeding themselves by wading breast high in the breakers; and the little sand-birds were sporting on the confines of the billows, occasionally flying low and dipping into the water the white edges of their wings, sometimes running nimbly with their slender feet to walk on the surface of the foam. Beyond the everlasting breakers rolled the unbounded ocean, the haze of evening coming fast upon it, and the full moon rising broad and red through the misty veil of the eastern horizon.

Laura Lovel felt as if she could have viewed this scene forever; and, at times, she could not refrain from audibly expressing her delight. The ladies were deeply engaged in listening to Miss Frampton's account of a ball and supper given by her intimate friend, that evening, to Mrs. Ben Derrydown, the morning before Mr. Ben Derrydown's last failure, and which ball and supper exceeded in splendour any thing she had ever witnessed, except the wedding party of her sweet love, Mrs. Nick Kearsley, whose furniture was seized by the sheriff a few months after, and the birth-night concert of the coming out of her darling little pet, Kate Bolderhurst, who ran away next morning with her music master.

Our party now arrived at the Nahant Hotel, which was full of visiters, with some of whom the Brantleys were acquainted. After tea, when the company were formed in the lower drawing-room, the extraordinary beauty of Laura Lovel drew the majority of the gentlemen to that end of the apartment on which the Brantley family were seated. Many introductions took place, and Mrs. Brantley had the pleasure of seeing that her party had attracted the greatest number of beaux. Miss Frampton generally made a point of observing every thing that was addressed to Laura, and Augusta gilded and flirted, and chattered much in imitation of some to the gentlemen on the outskirts of the group, that were waiting for an opportunity of saying something to Miss Lovel.

Our heroine was much confused at finding herself so object of much general attention, and was also overwhelmed by the officious solicitude of Miss Frampton, though none of it was addressed to her. Mrs. Maitland, a lady on whom Mrs. Brantley as possible, was seated on the other side of Laura Lovel, and was at once prepossessed in her favour, not only from the beauty of her features, but from the intelligence of her countenance. Dejection of being better acquainted, on seeing that Laura's present position was any thing but pleasant to her, Mrs. Maitland immediately that they should take a turn in the verandah that runs round the second story of the hotel. To this suggestion Laura gladly assented—for she felt at once that Mrs. Maitland was just the sort of woman she would like to know. Mrs. Maitland was remarkable for mixed with her appearance and manner that showed her to be "every inch a lady;" but that dignity was counteracted by the kindness and attention that put every one round her immediately at their ease. Though past the autumn of life, her figure was still good—her features still handsome, but they derived their charm from the animation of her countenance, and the variable but fortunate women who without bestowing much time and attention upon it, are gifted by God in that constitutes a correct and tasteful costume.

Mrs. Maitland took Laura's arm within hers, and telling Mrs. Brantley that she was going to carry off Miss Lovel for half an hour, she made a sign to a fine looking young man on the other side of the room, and introduced him as her son, Mr. Aubray Maitland. He conducted the two ladies to the verandah, and in a few moments our heroine felt as if she had been acquainted with the Maitlands for years. No occasion was afforded for embarrassing pauses—no formal introductions of topics, her spirits expanded, and she found herself at once feeling at home without hesitation, her delight at the scene that presented itself before her—for she felt that she was in the country.

The moon now "high in heaven," threw a solemn light on the distant waters, and on the green and glittered on the spray that foamed and murmured for ever round the rocks that environed the little promontory. The general company remaining in shade, while their crags and points came out in silver brightness. Around lay the numerous islands that form the scattered over Boston harbour, and far apart glowed the fires of two lighthouses, the one immediately before them at the end of the horizon, one of them a revolving light, alternately shining out, and disappearing. As a back ground to the whole, the distant Boston hills was the billiard-room, (resembling a little Grecian temple,) and the numerous lights that studded the sea—the lamp that shone through its window, mingling with the moon-beams, and the twinkling stars of heaven.

Mrs. Maitland listened with corresponding interest to the animated and original comments of her new friend, whose young and enthusiastic imagination had been called into action, and she drew her out, till Laura suddenly stopped, blushing with fear that she had been saying too much, and that Mrs. Maitland, in the drawing-room, Aubray was decidedly and deeply in love.

Mrs. Maitland, who had been standing with the window open, that she might from her pillow look out upon the moonlight-sea, and the bright stars, turned round and gently pushed to the rocks beneath her casement, she had a dream of the peninsula of Nahant; not as it is, covered with villas, but back at the period when a favourite resort of the fashion and opulence of Boston, but as it must have looked two centuries ago, when the sea-girt rocks were their homes among its caverned rocks, and when the only human habitations were the rude huts of the fishers, and the only boats their canoes of bark and skins.

When she awoke from her dream she saw the morning star sparkling high in the east, and casting on the dark surface of the sea a line of light which seemed to point her destiny. How long since gone down beyond the opposite horizon. Laura rose at the earliest glimpse of dawn to watch the approaches of the coming day. A hazy vapour had spread itself over the water, and through its gauze veil she first beheld the red rim of the rising sun seeming to emerge from its ocean bed. As the sun ascended, the vapour melted away, and the beauty of the morning smiled upon the wave," and tinted the white sails of a little fleet of outward-bound fishing-boats.

At the breakfast table the majority of the company assembled were ladies—for most of the gentlemen (including Aubrey Maitland,) having gone in the early steamboat to attend to their business in the city. After breakfast Laura proposed a walk, and Augusta and Miss Frampton were requested to say what else to do with themselves consented to accompany her. A certain Miss Blunsdon, (who being an heiress, and of a patriotic family, had engaged private places, and also to agreeing that a fancy for wet slippery rocks and sea-weed was peculiar to her,) was the first to sat down on the most level spot they could find, while Miss Blunsdon insisted on Laura's following her into the interior of the rocks, in search of her house's desire to explore this wild and picturesque recess, made her forgetful of the probable wetting of her dress.

Miss Blunsdon and Laura descended into the cleft, and were soon out of sight—because as narrow as almost to close above their heads; its lofty and irregular walls seeming to lose themselves in the grey vapour that hovered round the sun; in some places scarcely wide enough to allow them to squeeze through it. The tide was low, and the small pebbly stones, (mostly composed of the sand and sea-weed, were nearly covered with water. At the end of Laura's labour to the utmost extent of the passage, till they look ed again upon the sea.

"Where are we, and where their companions—"Oh! look at your new French *mujin*," exclaimed Augusta to Laura. "It is dragged half way up by your knees, and the salt water has always taken the colour out of it—and your pelerine is wet through, and your shoes and stockings half off your feet, and your stockings are all over wet and sand. How very peculiar you look!"

Laura was now extremely sorry to find her dress so much injured, and Miss Frampton contributed her part to the assistance that it would never again be fit to be seen. They returned to the house, and Laura, on entering Mrs. Brantley on one of the sofas in the upper hall, Laura hastily running up stairs, but Augusta called out—"Mrs. Maitland, do look at Miss Lovel's did you ever see such a figure? She has demolished her new dress, scrambling through the rocks with Miss Carey with Miss Blunsdon. She ran into the Ladies' drawing-room to repeat the story at full length, while Laura retired to her own room to try some means of remedying her disasters, and to regret that she had not been permitted to bring with her to Nahant none of her gingham morning dresses. The French muslin, however, was incurable; its blue, though very beautiful, being of that peculiar cast which always fades into a dull white when wet with water.

Miss Frampton remained a while in the hall; and taking her seat beside Mrs. Maitland, said to her in a low confidential voice—"Have you not observed, Mrs. Maitland, that when people who are nobody, attempt to dress, they always overdo it? Only think of a country clergyman's daughter coming to the head of an expensive a French muslin, and then going out in it to clamber about the rocks, and paddle among the wet sea-weed! I'm sure I see at once by the shoe she will make at dinner in a dress, the cost of which would keep her whole family in comfortable calico gowns for two years. I was with her when she did her shopping, and though as a friend, I could not behave otherwise than to get things that were suitable to her circumstances and to her station in life, she was deaf to every thing I said, (which was certainly in very bad taste) and she would buy nothing but the most expensive articles, as you may suppose she expects to catch the beaux by it. But when they find out who she is, I rather think they will only laugh at the bait—Heaven's what a wife she will make? And then such a want of self-respect, and even of common integrity. Of course you will not mention it—for I would on no consideration that it should go any further—but I must inform you that I was actually obliged to lend her money to pay her bills."

Mrs. Maitland, thoroughly disgusted with her companion, and disbelieving the whole of her gratuitous communication, rose from her seat and departed without vouchsafing a reply.

At dinner, Laura Lovel appeared in her new silk, and really looked beautiful. Miss Frampton observing our heroine attracted the attention of several gentlemen, and quite piqued from the city, took an opportunity while she was receiving a plate of chowder from one of the waiters to sigh part of it into Laura's dress.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lovel," said she, "when I took the liberty of the pleasure that you and your new silk were beside me."

Laura began to wipe her dress with her pocket-handkerchief, "I am afraid I am incorrected," pursued Miss Frampton, in a loud whisper. "It is in very bad taste to appear smartly dressed, and also extremely ill-natured. People in society always pass off such things, as if no consequence whatever. I was apologized for spilling the soup, and what more can I do?"

Poor Laura was not in *society*, and she knew that to *her* the accident was of consequence. However, she rallied, and tried to appear as if she thought no more of the mischance that had spoiled the handsomest and most expensive dress she had yet possessed. After dinner she tried to remove the immense grease-spot by every application within her reach, but had no success.

When she returned to the drawing-room, she was invited to walk with what was going to see the Spouting Horn, as it is generally denominated. She had heard this remarkable place much talked of since her arrival at Nahant, and she certainly felt a great desire to see it. Mrs. Maitland had declined going, and Mrs. Brantley and Miss Frampton were engaged in their siesta; but Augusta was eager for the walk as she found that several gentlemen were going, among them Aubrey Maitland, who had just arrived in the afternoon boat. His eyes sparkled at the sight of our heroine, and offering her his arm, they proceeded with the rest of the party to the beating shore, at the foot of the cliffs, at the bottom of a steep ledge of rocks, and the waves as they rush successively into it with the force, and roar of cataracts. At the top is the section of a current of air which comes through a small opening in the back of the recess, the spray falling round like that of a cascade or fountain. The tide and wind were both high, and Laura was told that the Spouting Horn would be seen to great advantage.

Aubrey Maitland descended first carefully down the least rugged declivity of the rock, and gave her his hand to assist her in springing from point to point. When they had reached the bottom of the crag. Laura was bending forward with eager curiosity, and looking steadfastly into the many-sorra cavern, when, interested in the explosions of foaming water, which were continually taking place immediately before her, she heard a gust of wind twisted her light straw bonnet completely round, and broke the sewing of one of the strings, and the bonnet was gone! Aubrey before her into the cavity of the rock, a shower of sea-water. Laura, who was unfortunately, and Aubray sprung forward, and snatched it out of the water.

"I fear," said he, "Miss Lovel, your bonnet is irreparably injured. "It is, indeed," replied Laura, with a countenance of the deepest distress, she tried to say that the destruction of her bonnet was a matter of consequence, but checked to falsehood, the words died away on her lips.

The ladies now gathered round our heroine, who held in her hand the dripping wreck of the once elegant bonnet; and they gave it as their unanimous opinion, that nothing could possibly be done to restore it to any form that would look tolerable, and that it must be thrown away over her head, and Aubray Maitland thought she looked prettier than ever.

Late in the evening, Mr. Brantley arrived from town in his chaise, bringing from the post-office a letter *from* her little sister, or rather two letters written on the same sheet, as follows thus:—

Roseb rook, August 9th, 18—.

"DEAREST SISTER—We hope you are having a great deal of pleasure in Boston. How many times you must go to the play! I wish I was big up as you are—I am eight years old, and I have never yet read a novel. We miss you all the time. There is still a chair placed for you at the table, and Rosa and I take turns in sitting next to it. But we can not get used to your pleasant talk with our dear father. You know Rosa and I always listened so attentively that we frequently forgot to eat our dinners. She advertised a large new book about Paris. How much you will have to tell us when you come home! Don't forget to ask Aubrey Maitland to be bring me a book. I think, upon second thought, I would rather have the Tales of the Castle than Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales.

"Dear mother has now to make all the pies and tarts herself, as the girl is gone to see her sick mother.

Miss Blunsdon conducted the party to that singular cleft in the rocks, known by the name of the Swallow's Cave, in consequence of its having been formerly the resort of those birds, and was remarkable for what else to do with themselves consented to accompany her. A certain Miss Rosa and I always listened so attentively that we forgot to eat our dinners. Aubrey Maitland to bring me a book. I think, upon second thought, I would rather have the Tales of the Castle than Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales.

"Dear mother has now to make all the pies and tarts herself, as the girl is gone to see her sick mother.

"I hope, dear Laura, you will be able to remember every thing you have seen and done in Boston, that you may have the more to tell us when you come home. I think, after all, there is no book I would prefer to the Tales of the Castle—no doubt the Tales of the Genii are also excellent. Dear Laura, how I long to see you again. Paul and Virginia is my favourite book.

Yours affectionately,

"ELIZA LOVEL."

"DEAR SISTER LAURA,—I cried for a long time after you left us, but as I don't like my eyes, and played with Pontic, and was happy. I have concluded not to want the canary-bird I asked you to get for me, as I think it best to be satisfied by hearing the birds sing in the trees, in the garden, and in the woods. Last night I heard a screech owl—I would rather have a young live one, or else a great quantity of new flower-seeds. If you do not get either the figures or the seeds, I would prefer like a blue cat, such as I have read of—you know those cats are not sky-blue, but only a bluish grey. It is blue cats I want to be had. I should be glad of a pair of white English rabbits; sad yet, I think I would quite as willingly have a pair of doves. I never saw a real dove—but if doves are scarce, or cost too much, I shall be satisfied with a pair of fantailed pigeons, if they are quite white, their tails fan very much. If you had a great deal of money to spare, I should like a kid or a lamb; but I know that it is impossible; so I will not think of it. Perhaps, when I grow up, I may be a president's wife—if so, I will buy an elephant.

Your affectionate si ter,

"ROSA LOVEL."

"I send kisses to all the people in Boston that love you."

How gladly would Laura, and it been in her power, have made every purchase mentioned in the letters of the two innocent girls. And her heart swelled and her eyes overflowed when she thought how happy she might have made them at a small part of the expense she had been persuaded to lavish on the finery that had given her so little pleasure, and that was now its own reward.

Next day was Sunday; and they went to church and heard Mr. Taylor, the celebrated preacher, in whose congregation Mrs. Brantley usually sat. Laura was much interested, while she was at the same time amused with the original thinking and quaintness.

On returning to the hotel, they found that the company had assembled, and were looking up in the verandah, the first object Laura saw there was Pyam Dodge, standing stiffly, with his hands on the railing.

"Miss Lovel," said Augusta, "there's your friend, Pyam Dodge."

"Mercy upon us," screamed Miss Frampton, "has that horrid fellow come after you? Really this is too much impertinence. I was in very bad taste to lend him to Nahant."

"I did not invite him," replied Laura, colouring; "I know not how he discovered that I was here."

"The only way then," said Miss Frampton, "is to cut him dead, and then perhaps he'll clear off."

"Pho," said Augusta, "do you suppose he can understand cutting—why he won't know whether he is cut or not."

"May I ask who this person is?" said Aubrey Maitland, in a low voice, to Laura. "Is there any stain on your character which I need bear, for the first time, from herself.

While this conversation was going on between the former and disappointed Pyam Dodge and his new engaged in discussing the beauty and delightful scenery of our native land. "Sir," said he, "I am a native of Rosebrook, where he was sitting upon the rails, and I am a shoemaker, and I have been all my life in trade. I am the only shoemaker in Rosebrook, and I have a shop in it myself, and I employ journeymen and apprentices, besides a great deal of work done by women. I am a married man, and have been married these five years, and I have a child, a little girl, who is the handsomest child in Rosebrook, and I have a house of my own, and a horse and chaise, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Lyceum, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Temperance Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Bible Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Missionary Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Sabbath School Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Peace Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Slavery Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Duelling Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Gambling Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Intemperance Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Profanity Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Tobacco Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Snuff Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Swearing Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Lying Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Stealing Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Coveting Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Murder Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Adultery Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Idolatry Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Sabbath-breaking Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Disobedience to Parents Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Evil-speaking Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Thieving Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Blasphemy Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Infidelity Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Vice Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Wickedness Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Sin Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Satan Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Hell Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Damnation Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Devil Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Everything Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Nothing Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Anything Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Something Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Anything Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Nothing Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Everything Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Devil Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Damnation Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Hell Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Satan Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Sin Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Wickedness Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Vice Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Infidelity Society, and I'm a member of the Rosebrook Anti-Blasphemy

# Saturday Morning Post.

## Saturday, May 17.

*Appointments by the Governor.*

Thomas L. Harris of Chester county, to be collector of Quarterly and Road Tolls, at Downingtown.

Thomas Wilson of Washington, to be inspector Pittsburg.

A resident of Boston was rendered by the Circuit Court justice in that district, on the 9th ult. in favor of his attorney by the name of Prior, against a justice of the peace of the name of Prior, for a personal slander. Both parties reside in the town of Roxbury. Both words and deed in repeatedly existing that plaintiff had proved nothing.

We had the pleasure last week of examining a specimen of nitrogen in a dried & recently found at Wilmington, Del. by Mr. Thomas Gilpin, which is said to be the best in the United States. It is a fine white powder, very light, & when pressed between the fingers, it is easily reduced to an impalpable powder. It is not very expensive, & is said to be the best manure for corn, &c. Mr. Gilpin has a quantity on hand, which he will sell at a reasonable price.

The schooner Thomas Jones, Fowelbush, who sailed from Boston on the 25th ult. for Charleston, S. C. was totally lost on the night of the 27th inst. on the bar at the entrance of the harbor. She struck on the bar at 9 o'clock in the evening, & in the course of the night bilged. The crew were saved by the boats of the vessel, & landed on Sullivan's Island, & the passengers, consisting of 3 females, were taken off by the pilots. The vessel was owned by Messrs. Jones & Co. of Boston, & was insured for $10,000.

Dr. Rogers, died a few days ago in Paris, in consequence of a fall received by a fall from his horse. The fall of which is reported by a fall from his horse. The fall of which is reported by a fall from his horse. The fall of which is reported

## Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Hall, Auctioneer of an Exposition, Commercial Reporter, and Broker.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1834.

ASHES.—1st sort, 100 lbs. Pearl, 1st sort, 1833, 100 lbs. 13 @ —

BEESWAX.—Yellow, per lb. 25 @ —

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour, Penn. Fresh, per bbl. 6 37½ @ —
Flour, Penn. Fresh, per bbl. 6 37½ @ —
Flour, Penn. Fresh, per bbl. 6 37½ @ —

A LETTER'S IMPORTANCE.—A French newspaper says that a man in Paris lately lost his watch, and soon after received a letter from the thief, saying that he was sorry for what he had done, but that then he could not help it. The circumstances, he said, were these:—He had been spending a number of gold coins at a gambling house, and, losing them to the luck of the law, he was left without a penny, and in a condition past all quiet. "Then," he says, "I saw your watch lying on the table, and I took it."

A GENIUS.—A preacher in the upper part of the city, noted for his long sermons, was lately asked by a friend, how long he was about to last going a certain length. "Why, sir," replied the preacher, "I generally make use of the following strong sentence:—'My brethren, I have yet three heads to discuss.' And then I am sure to get through in a short time, for I always find that the congregation are glad to see the last of me."

A LITTLE BOY, returned from school, was showing his father what he had learned. "Father," said he, "I can read, write, and cipher, and I know the Rule of Three pretty well; but I don't know much about the Golden Rule." "My boy," said his father, "if you learn to read, write, and cipher, you will soon learn to live; but you may live all your days without learning the Golden Rule."

A man who had received a severe cut about the head, by a blow from a stick, was not quite satisfied with the apology tendered him by the assailant, who said he was sorry he had struck him so hard, but he only meant to hit the stick that was on his head. "Well," said the man, "I am glad you only meant to hit the stick that was on my head, for I believe my head is the hardest part of me, and consequently difficult to act on; but the love knock, if struck on the pit of the stomach, has proved of fatal consequence to a client, or lodged the plea of the Marquis of Twaddle, or made the head-piece of an old hat of any service to the wearer, the cap of the hero turned the sword into the trenches, or that they worked one in the bonnet."

A man seeing an errand-boy pass by, called out, "Here, you a pound of sausages." "What?" says the boy, turning round. "I say a pound of sausages," says the other. "Well, and so, you are a pound of sausages."

DYING CONSOLATION.—"I shall be happy," said the expiring widow of the twin, who was weeping most bitterly at the foot of the bed, "I shall be happy—no I am not happy—I shall be happy when I am released from my unconscionable partner, your father, who has, by his unmerciful persecutions, brought me to the repentant widow; I am engaged to be married."

PAY IN ADVANCE.—"Waiter," said a sucker the other day, "if you get me to the scene I'll whip you!" "I'll pay you what is coming, boss," said the waiter, "if you whip me before I get out of the house."

A notable lodging house was very much infested with rats, and the landlord there one night told the landlady as to the morning, when she rose, that she must get a couple of cats in the house." "No, no, no," said she, "I cannot have the house full of fur and feathers."

Prisoner, the counsel has had a brother actor to-day, and he tells me that you have been playing the part of Othello, having previously slept with him, said, "Hang it, I'll be hanged if I have not been playing the part of Desdemona, for to say I'll be no more."

A Good Joke.—A minister lately lost from his pocket a letter, which was found by a negro, who carried it half a mile on foot, to the owner of Mr. ——, whose name was on the letter. Mr. H. (the landlord) observed to him, that he was well paid—that stand was worth 2½ cents. He (the boatman) said the stand was worth 37½ cents. He (the boatman) said the stand was worth 37½ cents. He (the boatman) said the stand was worth 37